

S-107 (3 sheets - 2 on both sides - 1 on one side - ink)

Wednesday evening.

(back)

My own true darling heart: Just a few lines to-night before I get to work again on my post cards that I am writing to send around the Parish. Your dear good Sunday letter came to-day. I am glad everything goes well - & you do take good care of things. I approve heartily of everything you have done - and one ought to have evening service & early communion too. I hate to omit them - yet it seems impossible to arrange in present circumstances. It is just true to your wonderful love that you are keeping a rose on my desk. Dearest I can never tell you in words the beauty of spirit that came over me when I read that. You know I understand as no words can express.

Dearest - about the pictures - I haven't destroyed them. - I love them all so much I can't do & while I know we can get better ones & will get them - I want these too. I have them safely kept.

I love your phrase that all our memories even the quarrels were "but stepping stones to the vision of a greater truer devoted love". That is beautiful dear - & true - we know it.

(New page
2nd sheet
front)

The clippings you sent me arrived today & they are all interesting. The story is the same as the picture "Forever" isn't it? & Keable's new book sounds interesting. I see that a review of it is to appear in to-day's Boston Transcript so I will try to get a copy. - My "Dailey News" never came from N.Y. yet. We must get that poem somehow.

(Back - 2nd
page)

Dear dear heart of mine- I am writing freely to you - I must - I get all wrought up inside unless I "talk it out" - & I do by myself every moment. I know you hear me caressing you. Good night, good night, beloved. - my whole hearts love - with mountains of strength & oceans of depth. - Don't you think I had better not plan to come to 49 when I get back? I know I shall not be able to speak & will just want to crush you for hours - too pent up to speak for words are too feeble. - Darling I want to see you Friday night - alone - by our road - where we can let out - unrestrained that universe of joy & happiness that will be ours. Mrs. Hall wonders why I am taking only 3 Sundays this year. She doesn't know how hard it is for me to take those. Oh "Forever" is so true - I know you are here - Blessed heart I kiss you - tenderly - fiercely - oh such love - yes as I felt at Geneva - Bernardsville - everywhere where I longed & yearned & dreamed - it was you darling - you I was longing for - oh I know it so well-my true mother - my gypsy-my heart-my life- Always

(Third page-
front)

D.T.L.